

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Pierre.

A GERMAN NOVEL.

IN a village belonging to the Margraviate of Bareith, in Franconia, dwelt a husbandman, named Pierre. He possessed the most beautiful farm and extensive lands in the country; but these he considered as the least of his treasure—three sons and three daughters, borne him by his wife Theresa, were also married, and resided with their children in the house of Pierre. His age was eighty, that of Theresa seventy-eight, and they were served, loved, and respected by their numerous family. By temperance exempt from those infirmities which in general embitter age, they were contented with each other, beloved by all: happy in their lovely offspring, they thanked God, and blessed their children.

One evening, having finished their labour, and got in the harvest, the good Pierre, Theresa, and the family, were seated at the door of their mansion, and admiring the glorious spectacle of the illumined firmament with pious rapture, unknown to the inhabitants of a great city.—“See,” cried the aged peasant, “how the heavens are strewn with brilliant stars, each marking its course with a streak of light:—the moon, hid by the towering poplars, casts a pale and trembling ray, which adds to the sublimity of the scene—not a leaf stirs to disturb the repose of the harmless feathered tribe, whose numerous and unfledged young are protected and nourished under the wings of parental love. The profound and pleasing stillness is only at intervals interrupted by the distant cry of the owl—image of a guilty mind—he alone wakes;

while all else are enjoying the repose of peace and innocence, he mourns without ceasing, and dreads the light of day. Oh! my children, be ever good, and you will be ever happy.—These sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed tranquil felicity—May you never buy it dearer than we have bought it!”

At these words tears filled the eyes of the old man. Louisa, one of his grandchildren, not more than seven years of age, ran to embrace him—

“Grand-papa,” said she, “you never gave us such pleasure as this evening. What a charming picture! Judge how we should like to hear your history.—It is not late—the night is lovely, and no one cares for sleep.”

All the family in an instant seconded the request, and making a circle round him, Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence: each parent taking an infant on their knee, listened in mute expectation; and the good old man, one of whose hands was clasped in that of Theresa, while the other was fondly caressed by Louisa, began his history:—

“It is a long time back, my children, when I was in my eighteenth, and my Theresa in her sixteenth year: she was the only daughter of Armiaz, the richest farmer in the country.—I was the poorest peasant in the village, yet my poverty did not prevent my loving so much worth and beauty. I used my utmost endeavours to extinguish a passion that rendered me miserable, for I was sure that my want of fortune was an eternal obstacle to my union with Theresa. I knew I must renounce her, or think of the means to enrich myself, which could only be effected by quitting the place where she resided.—It was an effort above me, and I chose rather to present myself as a

servant to the wealthy Armiaz. I was accepted, and, by my assiduity, soon cultivated the good will of the farmer, and more quickly that of his fair daughter. You may judge how I worked;—you, my sons, who have married women of your hearts, can tell my feelings. She loved me as I loved her—I thought on nothing but Theresa—I lived but for her, and thought my happiness would never end.—I was soon undeceived;—an opulent peasant in the neighbourhood demanded the daughter of Armiaz for a wife; his proposal met the approbation of the farmer, and the marriage was resolved on. We did nothing but weep—our tears were shed in vain—the inflexible Armiaz was not to be opposed—he saw his daughter’s aversion, and his resentment was violent.—The fatal day approached—there was no alternative—Theresa was to become the wife of a man she hated. She was sure to die with grief, and I determined not to survive her. We took the only step that remained for our choice—we eloped together, and were soon pursued by heaven for our fault.

“Theresa and I quitted the village in the middle of the night, on a horse given her by an uncle. A small quantity of clothes, and some provisions, we put in a wallet; and a very little money, the fruit of her economy, was all we took with us. We travelled all night, and at the dawn of day found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia. Without fear of being taken, we halted in a valley. Theresa dismounted, and, seated by my side on the green turf, partook of a repast frugal and delicious.

“Our meal ended, we debated on our next method of proceeding. After a long discourse, and having estimated our horse at its utmost value, we found our riches amounted to no more than twenty ducats.

which would support us but a short time. We, however, determined to proceed to the first capital town, where we should be in less danger of discovery, and get married as soon as possible. After this wise resolution, we pursued our course to Egra, where our first care was to seek the church, when we were married by a priest, to whom I gave the half of our little treasure; nor did we think it in the power of money to repay so good an action.

"All went well for about eight days, in which time we had sold our little horse.—The money was soon expended, and we had nothing left. What was to be done we knew not. I was ignorant of the manner of agriculture in that country, nor was Theresa better informed. She trembled for our fate. Her situation was alarming, and I partook of her fears. At length, having no other resource, I engaged in a regiment of cavalry that was in garrison at Egra, and my bounty money was given to my Theresa, who received it with tears. I found my pay sufficient for my maintenance, and the little work done by my wife, whom necessity had instructed, went to the support of our household. The birth of an infant tied us still closer to each other;—it was you, my Gertrude, and we viewed you as the blessing of our future years. We said the same by each babe that Heaven thought proper to send us.

By the strict attention I paid to my duty, I soon acquired the esteem and friendship of my officers. Frederick, my captain, was but twenty years of age, and was distinguished from all his companions by his elegance of person, and sweetness of manners. He conceived a partiality for me, and I related my adventures to him. He saw Theresa, was interested in our welfare, and promised to use his interest to obtain the pardon of Arniaz, and I relied upon his word as the most sacred promise. Besides which, he assured me he would give me immediate liberty. He had already written to my father-in-law, without having received any answer.

"The time slid away rapidly; the young captain appeared to grow cool, and Theresa each day became more and more sad; and when I demanded the reason, she spoke to me of her father, and tried to change the discourse, and I began to have a suspicion that Frederick was the cause of her embarrassment.

"That young man, ardent as are most of his age, had beheld her with admiration, and his virtue was subordinate to his passion.

He was acquainted with our state, knew how much we depended upon him for assistance, and dared to tell my wife the reward he expected for his services. My wife was indignant, and repulsed him with severity; but knowing me to be violent and jealous, fatally concealed the secret from me while I was daily extolling the generous friendship of Frederick.

"One day, coming from the picket, I returned to my house, and beheld before me—(Judge my surprise)—Arniaz!—"Are you there!" cried he, seizing me—"Ravisher! restore me my child!—Give me back the happiness you have robbed me of in return for my friendship!"

"I fell on my knees before him—I endured the first bursts of his passion—my tears appeased him, and he consented to hear me. 'The evil is done,' cried I; 'Theresa is mine—she is my wife. My life is in your hands—punish me, but save your only child!—let her not die with grief at the dishonour of her husband!—Spare, oh, spare your child!' Saying these words, I entered the room where you lay asleep, my Gertrude, in your cradle: your cheek glowed with health and innocence. Arniaz looked, and tears filled his eyes. I clasped thee in my arms, and presented thee to him—"This also is your daughter!" cried I. You awaked with the motion, and, as if inspired by heaven, extended your little arms to the aged Arniaz, and twisted your fingers in his silver locks. He loaded you with caresses—"Bring me my child!" said he, in a voice of kindness—"Go, my son, and conduct her to my arms!"

"You can imagine, my children, with what eagerness I flew to prepare her for the interview. I opened the door of the room where she was, and beheld—gracious Heaven!—the captain on his knees to my wife, who used her utmost endeavours to conceal his situation from me. The sight filled me with horror. I drew my sword, and plunged it in the breast of Frederick—He fell, bathed in blood—his cries alarmed the guard, who rushed into the place. My sword was still reeking—they seized me, and Arniaz arrived in time to see his son-in-law loaded with ignominious irons. I embraced him, and recommended my wife and child to his care—I embraced thee too, my Gertrude, and followed my conductors to the dungeon.

"I was two days and three nights in a state of insensibility, ignorant of all that passed—ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw no one but my jailor, who replied to all my

questions, that it could not be long before I must be condemned.

"The third day the gate was thrown open; a guard escorted me to the Place d'Armes. I beheld afar off the whole regiment assembled, and I perceived the terrible instrument of my punishment. All my happiness was, that I was arrived at the summit of my misfortunes; and I impatiently awaited the mortal blow. I moved with convulsive agony, and my lips unknowingly pronounced the name of Theresa.—My eyes wandered vainly in search of her, and in this state I reached the place of execution. My sentence was read, and I awaited only the final moment, when my punishment was suspended by the most piercing cries. I looked round, and beheld a figure half naked, pale, and bloody, making efforts to pierce through the armed troop that environed me—It was Frederick—"My friends," cried he, "it is I who am culpable—I only deserve to die.—My friends, spare the innocent!—I would have seduced his wife.—He did but punish my villainy—it was just—and you must be barbarians to shorten his days!"

"The Chief of the regiment stepped forward: he stopped Frederick, and tried to pacify him, by reading the act that condemned me for lifting my hand against my officer.—"No more—" cried Frederick; "I have procured his liberty—he is no longer in your power—here is his discharge, properly signed."

"The Chiefs were all assembled—Frederick and humanity pleaded my cause. I was reconducted to prison—Frederick wrote to the Ministry—he accused himself—demanded my pardon, and obtained it. Arniaz, Theresa, and myself, hastened to throw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer. He confirmed the grant that had set me at liberty, and would have conferred other benefits, which we would not accept.—We returned to this village, and, at the death of Arniaz, were left sole possessors of his property. Here will Theresa and I finish our days in peaceful serenity, happy in the midst of our virtuous family."

ALL the children of Pierre pressed around him as he finished his recital: and as they listened, tears ran down their cheeks.—"Compose yourselves, my children!" exclaimed the good old man:—"Heaven has recompensed me for all my sufferings, in the love you bear me!"

Saying these words, he once more embraced them fondly, and all the family retired to rest.

THE
VOCABULARY OF LOVE.

(CONTINUED.)

Fribble.—THIS word signifies one of those ambiguous animals who are neither male nor female; disclaimed by his own sex, and the scorn of both. There is ever a silly insipid simper in their countenances. Without any of the good qualities of their own sex, they affect all the bad ones, all the impertinencies and follies of the other; whilst what is no more than ridiculous, and sometimes even a grace in the women, is nauseous and shocking in them. A wretch of this no-species loves mightily the company of the ladies, that he may come in for a share of the amusements that are going on amongst them, and which are more to his taste than manly employments or exercise. He even endeavours to make himself necessary to them; combs their lap-dogs, fancies their ribbands, recommends the best scented powder, and loves to be consulted in the cut of their cap, their tea, and the placing their China baubles: helps them in their fillagree or shell-work. They are great critics of dress, and the assortment of colours, can tell which will suit a complexion, and which not. One of them can pronounce emphatically, that yellow does not become a fair one, because that colour is not sufficiently contrasted to that of her skin. That, on the other hand, an olive beauty does not agree with a brownish light grey, because of the too great opposition of this colour to that of her hair and eye-brows, which will therefore appear harsh. That a yellow, a lemon, a pale, or straw colour, should be avoided by the fair-complexioned; and the sky-blue, the light-green, or black, by the brown; with other decisions of the like importance. Some of them, too, have their toilettes, and wash in three waters. One would think, in short, that these equivocal animals imitated the women, out of complaisance to them, that they might have the higher opinion of their own sex, from seeing that there were men who endeavoured to come as near it as possible. But so far are they from succeeding, that they disfigure the graces, caricature the faults, and have none of the virtues of that amiable sex.

Friend.—This character, from a man to a lady, is often no other than a mask worn by a lover obliged to disguise himself, and who is the more to be feared for dissembling his designs, and watching the advantages of a critical moment. The women should admit no friend that may possibly become

a lover. They love their danger who do not attend to this advice.

Kiss.—Some authors will have it, that a kiss is no kiss, or at best a half one, unless returned at the same time. In some countries there is such a stress laid upon it, that a woman who grants a kiss, has passed away all right to refuse any thing else. In our's, its signification is determined by the circumstances, the degree of warmth, the part, the time, and other particulars needless to enumerate. In general one may venture to pronounce kissing dangerous.—A spark of fire has often been struck out of the collision of lips, that has blown up the whole magazine of virtue.

To Know.—In love, most persons, instead of desiring to know before they fix their choice, choose first, and learn to know afterwards. When, as Davenant expresses it: "As knowledge is but sorrow's spy, it might be better not to know."

Liberty.—The state of a heart which has never loved, or has ceased loving. It is often used in a libertine sense, as in this phrase: "I dread the marriage fetters—I love my liberty."

To Love.—In times of yore, signified an invincible inclination: at present, it has quite another meaning, and often no meaning at all. There is as much difference between what we call love, and what our forefathers called so, as between our dress and their's. Every sublunary thing changes; but our manner is so easy and commodious, that it threatens a long duration.

Goatly loves the innocent Sylvia.—That is as much as to say, he is laying every scheme he can imagine to add her to the list of wretched victims who have fallen a prey to his brutal appetites: whilst all her personal beauties, her inimitable bloom, her fine-turned shape, have been surveyed by him with the same eye as cannibals view their captives, of whom they design to make a meal.

Matrimony.—A term which is the stale topic of ridicule to witlings, libertines, and coxcombs: and a term of the utmost respect among the virtuous and the sensible. It is, like patriotism, the most noble motive, and the most infamous pretext. It is the paradise of the wise, and the hell of fools. At present, the fashion is, properly speaking, to commit matrimony; since, on the footing that things are, it is rather a crime than a virtue; and often, no nobler a view determines to it, than prompts the highwayman to the taking of a purse. Sordid interest is now the great master of ceremonies to Hymen, of which it pollutes

the sanctuary, and dishonours the worship. Parents who sacrifice their children to it are worse than the Ammonites, who burned theirs in honour to Moloch; at least the pains of those wretched victims was momentary; whilst the pain of those sold for interest is a lingering one, and often as sure a death.

(To be concluded next week.)

RECENT INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING INDIA.

[From the Letters of a Missionary, dated in 1806.]

"BENGAL is an entire plain, covered with rice, indigo, mustard, pulse, wheat, barley, long grass, some of which is three yards high, vast jungles or woods of thorn, containing buffaloes, tygers, wild hogs, &c. &c.

"You may buy a horse for twelve shillings; but some are much higher; brother Carey's cost ten pounds, and the saddle a larger sum, that article being very dear. The horses are all stallions, and generally no higher than English ponies. The cows are very small. One evening at tea we used the milk given by four of these little animals. A cow sells for 10s. 6d. a pig for fourteen or sixteen pence, a sheep for about the same sum, fish a half-penny per pound, and rice sometimes a farthing per pound; a kid sells for three pence, a fowl for two pence, and a goose for sixteen pence. Some servants have but five shillings per month, finding themselves meat, and every other necessary.

A Hindoo is black if he work in the sun. He lives in a mud-house, covered with thatch, having one door, and two or more rooms, but no windows: at least, this is the case in many instances. He sleeps on a floor made of mud, often works in the open air, lives principally on rice boiled up with different ingredients of the vegetable kind, as spices, &c. He seldom eats flesh. Some devotees cover their mouths lest they should kill a gnat. If you talk of killing an ox for food, a brahman stops his ears.—Yet this apparent humanity is nothing more than the fear of being devoured themselves, in some future state of transmigration.

The child of a Hindoo is not carried in the arms of its mother, but astride on her hip. Children, when they go to school, begin to learn their letters by writing them with a stick, or with the finger in the dust. The school is frequently kept under the shade of a large tree. Children have rings put on their wrists and ankles by way of ornament. The women decorate them-

selves with rings on their wrists, and in their noses. The child accompanies his mother to the tank or river, to bathe every day, where he is taught the form of river worship. She then paints his forehead, to shew that he has been at worship. When a boy is five or six, a cloth is put round his waist, and brought up between his legs; when older, many wear a turban. The rich have a loose cloth of fine linen, which they throw over the shoulders, and which nearly covers the whole body. None wear stockings; some have slippers, which they are sure to pull off when they enter the house of an European.

When very young, the head of the Hindoo is shaved, either all over, or to the middle of the crown. They shave without soap. The barber performs the office of paring the nails. No Hindoo shaves himself, or cuts his own nails.

At eight or nine years old, or sooner, two parents agree to marry their son and daughter. When the girl is twelve or fourteen, and the boy about sixteen, the contracted parties live together as man and wife: marriage is by no means an affair of love or choice; but it is almost universal, so that an old bachelor, I am told, is unknown. The garoo or priest performs some ceremony at the marriage, as he transacts all important business between the Hindoos and their gods. He is called God Almighty's man.

A poor native has scarcely any other household goods than a brass jug or two, a hook to cut wood, a dish or two to contain his rice for dinner, though a plaintain leaf often serves his turn. These, with a few earthen jars, make up his stock of domestic utensils. The only luxury of a Bengalee is his hooker, which, like the pipe of the Irish, goes round to every mouth, even to that of the women and children. It is generally made of a cocoa-nut not excavated, into which is put a hollow stick, about a foot long; on the top of the stick is a pot-bowl, containing tobacco, with some embers put upon it. From a hole in the side of the cocoa-nut, through which water is poured in, the Hindoo sucks the smoke, the pipe or hollow stick going down in the water. This hooker is his constant companion; rising up or lying down, at home or abroad; he carries it with him wherever he goes.

Families of two or three generations live together. When a Hindoo is likely to die, he is carried on a bed to the river-side, where his friends wait till he expires; if he languishes long, they pour water into

him to kill him. When dead, he is laid on his back, on a pile of wood, and reduced to ashes. His friends howl round his house, and make all the noise of a multitude in wild distraction. Some are so poor that they do not leave sufficient to buy wood to burn their bodies. In this case, they literally come to the dogs. One day I saw a dog devouring a man's foot; another day, I saw a hundred vultures feeding on a corpse, with the utmost greediness, the people around following their business with perfect indifference.

BETHLEM-GABOR.

THE character of this restless and ungrateful man has been lately introduced by Mr. Godwin in his singular Romance of "The Travels of St. Leon." It is, certainly, one of the happiest efforts in that work; and the reader must now be interested in the real character, with which history presents us.

Bethlem-Gabor was a Transylvanian, of an ancient but impoverished family, who gained the favour of Gabriel Battori, prince of Transylvania. Having as a restless adventurer, quitted this court for that of Constantinople, he acquired such credit among the Turks, as to induce them to declare war against his first and kindest benefactor. Battori, lost by intrigue and abandoned by his subjects and the emperor, was vanquished in 1613. Bethlem-Gabor took several places in Hungary; and, compelling a Pacha to invest him with Transylvania, he declared himself king of Hungary. In 1620, the emperor marched some troops against him; but his general Bucquoi was killed. Bethlem-Gabor, though now a conqueror, dreaded the imperial power, and solicited peace, which he obtained on condition of renouncing the title of king of Hungary, and that he should only take that of a prince of the empire. The emperor, who was not on his side a little troubled by so restless and intrepid a subject, was willing to acknowledge this rebel as sovereign of Transylvania, and to cede to him seven counties, of about 50 leagues in circumference. But nothing could appease the fire raging in the wild bosom of this Gabor.—He soon after revived his claims on Hungary. Walstein vanquished him; and the war was at length concluded by a treaty which made over Transylvania and the adjacent territories to the house of Austria, after the death of Gabor, which happened in 1629.

A SINGULAR SURVEY.

IN the "Universal-Description of the Theatre of Heaven and Earth," written by "Joseph Rosaccio, Cosmographer and Doctor in Philosophy and Physic; printed at Venice, 1620," Chap. II. is the following curious account of the exact dimensions of *Hell*, *Purgatory*, *Limbus Patrum*, and *Abraham's Bosom*!!!

"The sphear of *Hell*, or, to speak more properly, the circumference of *Hell*, is the lowest part of the earth, and the bigness of it is about 7875 miles: the breadth of it, that is to say the diameter, is the third part of the circumference, or little less; and so are all spherical bodies. It is distant from us 3758 miles and a quarter."

"Above the sphear of *Hell* is that of *Purgatory*, 15,750 miles in circuit, and distant from us 2505 miles and a half."

"Above the sphear of *Purgatory* is that of *Limbus Patrum*, which is 23,625 miles, and distant from us 1252 miles."

"Above this is *Abraham's Bosom*, much about the same length and distance as the other."

"Some object against this, that we have placed *Hell* lowermost, and have made it less than the earth, or any of the other places, whereas we ought to have made it bigger, in regard of the vast numbers of people that have been crowding thither for these many thousands of years, and never return, and will be daily crowding thither till the world's end. To which we answer, that when the centre of the universe shall be removed out of the way, after the Day of Judgment, and the earth, and all that infinite heap of mountains and seas, shall be calcined to nothing, there will be space enough; besides that, the damned in chains and fetters must not expect to have so much liberty as the saints in heaven, who are unconfined."

The profound Dr. Rosaccio had, without doubt, a portion of disciples that admired and revered his vast erudition and singular veracity.

FEMALE JOCKEYISM.

A Race was lately run by *Health*, *Decency* and *Fashion*. At first the bets were even, but the rider of *Fashion* gave such proofs of superior riding, that the bets were 10 to 1 in her favour before the second heat; in fact, the two former were distanced, and the latter came in with universal applause. *Decency* appears to have lost her spirit, and the rider of *Health* was bribed by a quack doctor. It is expected that neither of the two will appear on the ground again.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 2.

What art thou life, so dearly lov'd by all?
Thou'rt but a day—a few uneasy hours.

HAYARD.

IN observing the progress of the human mind, we find that all our actions tend to one point, and by whatever means we pursue it, we all grasp after happiness. Yet such is the instability of our nature, so numerous and changeable our ideas of that point, that we all fall short of our object; and are compelled to sit down in disappointment. The man who has experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, who has seen human nature in its various shapes, must be compelled to acknowledge, that all "is vanity and vexation of spirit." And what man is there, who has passed thro' life from youth to old age, that has not experienced the pressure of misfortune? Fortune delights in tormenting: she raises, she elevates the soul,—she inspires it with golden dreams of happiness, which only makes succeeding woe more terrible.

"The spider's most attenuated thread,
"Is cord, is cable to man's tender tie
"On earthly bliss, it breaks at every breeze."

YOUNG.

The young man, setting out in life, views every thing on the bright side, and sees nothing before him but scenes of happiness. Altho' the experience of those who have preceded him, proves the futility of all his endeavours, and altho' his own experience soon teaches him that misfortune is the lot of humanity; yet when afflictions assail him on every side, and destroy every comfort that can render life desirable, *Hope* steps to his assistance,—she brightens the prospect before him, she promises better success in time to come. But alas! when again he has almost obtained the summit of his wishes, some unexpected event blasts all his expectations, and withers in the bud his joys.

"New sorrow rises as the day returns,
"A sister sickens or a daughter mourns.
"Now kindred merit fills the sable bier;
"Now lacerated friendship claims a tear,
"Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
"Still drops some joy from with'ring life away."

DR. JOHNSON.

I was led into these reflections, whilst contemplating the history of an aged friend some time since dead. His life will afford an instructive lesson: it shows the insufficiency of all our endeavours to obtain happiness; and that he who is in pursuit of felicity must place his hopes on something beyond this world,—on the joys of futurity.

Trained up from youth in habits of industry, he began his career in life with little to depend on but his own exertions. Possessing a mind fraught with virtue, he disdained every thing mean or unjust. He continued in business until he had acquired a handsome fortune, and then retired, fondly hoping he might pass the remainder of life in enjoying the fruits of his former industry. But how vain are all our hopes and expectations! He was soon seized with a lingering disorder, which, tho' not at all times equally violent, yet never permitted him to enjoy the pleasures of society. In this melancholy state he continued the remainder of his life, enduring his infirmities with a resignation becoming a Christian, and one who had placed his hopes in the enjoyment of a glorious immortality; and when on the bed of death, he had no recollection of any unjust action to excite remorse; but

"Sweet remembrance sooth'd
"With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast."

AKENSIDE.

He possessed a good conscience, which (says Seneca) is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it.

If man, at the period of his existence here, was to sink into eternal sleep,—if body and soul were to moulder together in the silent grave; if this was to be his final destination, miserable indeed would be his situation,—unenviable "the master-piece of the creation"—who has at his disposal the hope of a better hereafter, would not be endurable. If the soul were not immortal,

"Where then should hope and fear their objects find?
"Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
"Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
"Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
"Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise?
"No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
"Enquirer cease....petitions yet remain
"Which heav'n may hear—nor deem Religion vain.
"Pour forth thy fervor: for a healthful mind,
"Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
"For faith, that panting for a happier seat
"Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat.
"These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
"These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain,
"With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
"And makes that happiness she does not find."

DR. JOHNSON.

PHILADELPHUS.

A PUN.

A Young Fellow of rather wild and loose principles, was accused of being a rake. He replied, that his father was the *rake*, and he was the *fork*; for his father raked the money together, and he scattered it.

Moral Essays.

NO. V.

ON ANGER AND REVENGE.

ANGER is an uneasiness arising from the receipt of an injury. On receiving an injury, if we are in any degree affected by anger, we are presently disposed to contrive means of redress, as the best method of ridding ourselves of that uneasiness. It is a passion which arises almost instantaneously, generally decreases by length of time, and is always accompanied with a desire of revenge. In a good and generous mind, though it may be fierce for a time, yet it is soon over: his good will to his fellow-men easily surmounts every desire of retaliation. But in narrow and contracted minds, and in such as look no farther than present gratification, it is sometimes found to continue for an astonishing length of time. If they do not at the time find an opportunity of gratifying their desire of revenge, they will coolly wait till such times as they have it in their power to take vengeance equal to the injury done them. But every person who consults his reason, will plainly see that this as well as all the other passions, ought to be kept in due subjection: and this for several reasons. First, we ought always to do it, if we would wish to be our own masters; for what can render us more abject slaves, than to suffer our peace of mind to be broken by every displeasing event, and to be endangered by the evil designs of every scoundrel? Second, the falling into a passion at every trifle, tends most effectually to render us ridiculous in the eyes of others, and to lessen their esteem and good will towards us. Third, anger may sometimes lead us so far, as to induce us to be guilty of things which we know we shall repent of as long as we live.

Although revenge is frequently the consequence of anger, yet this is very far from being always the case. The good dispositions of many enable them to subdue the desire of revenge, when they are not able to subdue their anger. The many evil effects which result from it, one might imagine, would be sufficient to induce every person to lay it aside. When we are likely to be hurried down the stream of temptation, what great advantage would we reap, from stopping a moment, and coolly asking ourselves this question:—"Whether subjection to the influence of passion be more noble and excellent, than obedience to the dictates of reason?" I do ima-

gine, that if we could do so, and at the same time act agreeably to our decision of the question, in very few instances would we dread the effects of anger from the hands of each other. But some will say, that unless we revenge injuries, there would be no end to our persecutions. To this I answer, that although in some cases the revenging of an injury may be of use in preventing a future one, yet it is too frequently the case, that it is the cause of bringing on us what we would wish to avoid. The person who injured us has now an excuse of injuring us a second time, and perhaps in the midst of his resentments he may bring upon us some dreadful calamity, which it may be out of our power to remedy. And besides, we usually gain the ill-will and disrespect of our fellow-men, added to this, that we can derive no real advantage from it to ourselves. In my opinion, the not revenging of an injury is one of the very best means that can be used for preventing ourselves from being injured a second time. It has the greatest tendency to make the person sensible of the wrong he has done us, and desirous of regaining our favour. And besides, it yields us much pleasure to reflect on the propriety of our conduct, in that we had so much strength of mind as to suffer the *rational* to gain the ascendancy over the animal part of our nature.

—*—

*A new Method of making Pictures of Birds
with their natural Feathers.*

FIRST take a thin board or pannel of deal, or wainscoat well-seasoned, that it may not shrink; then smoothly paste on it white paper, and let it dry; and if the wood cast its colour through, you may paste on a second paper, and it will be whiter: let the second paper dry, then get ready any bird that you would represent, and draw it as exact as may be on your papered pannel, of its natural size [middle-sized birds are the best for this work]; then paint what ground-work, or tree, or other thing you design to set your bird on, together with the bill and legs of the bird in water-colours, leaving the bird to be covered with its own natural feathers. You must first prepare the part to be feathered, by laying on pretty thick gum arabic, dissolved in water, with a large hair pencil; and then lay the pannel flat, and let it dry hard, and when dry cover it with your gum-water a second time, and let it dry; and then a third, in case you do not find it lie with a

good body on the paper; the thickness of a shilling, when dried hard, is sufficient. When your piece is thus prepared, take the feathers off from the bird, as you use them, beginning always at the tail and points of the wing, and working upwards to the head, observing to cover that part of your draught with the feather that you take from the same part in your bird, letting them fall one over another in their natural order. You must prepare your feathers by cutting off the downy part that is about their bottoms; and the larger feathers must have the inside of their shafts shaved off with a knife, to make them lie flat; the quills of their wings must have their inner webs clipped off, that in laying them, the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten the gummed ground-work by little and little as you work it, then lay your feathers on the moistened parts, which must not be waterish, but something tacky or clammy, to hold the feathers. You should prepare a parcel of small leaden weights, in the form of sugar-loaves, which you may cast in sand, by first making holes in its surface with a pointed stick. These weights will be necessary to set on the feathers you have newly laid on, to hold them to the gum till they are dry and fixed; but you must be cautious, lest the gum come through the feathers, for it not only smears them, but sticks to the bottoms of the weights, and you will be apt to pull off the feathers with the weights, which will disorder your work. When you have wholly covered your bird with feathers, you must, with a little thick gum, stick on a piece of paper, cut round, of the bigness, and in the place of the eye, which you must colour like the eye of the bird. When the whole is dry, dress the feathers round the outline that may chance to stare a little, and rectify what may be mended in any other part; then lay a sheet of clean paper upon it, and on that a heavy book, or some such thing, to press it: after which it may be preserved in a frame covered with a glass.

—*—

THE TWO BROTHERS.

IN a manuscript, which is now in one of the richest libraries in Paris, we are told, that the Count de Ligneville and the Count de Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they

put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment, were the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change.

Count de Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligneville never suffered his brother to go out, without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent, instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligneville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go in the next apartment, and putting his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had about his neck, under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting but the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count de Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligneville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth, until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between these two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them; so that on this account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both often had the same dreams. The day that Count de Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever, of which he died, Count de Ligneville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and would have sunk under it like his brother, adds the manuscript had he not made a vow to our lady of Alenting.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

THE observation of a French writer respecting the paintings of Michael Angelo, *Ses tableaux font Souffrir, mais on reporte, l'œil sur eux d'une manière involontaire*, may, I think, with great propriety be applied to the poems of Dante—What the one is to the eye, the other is to the mind.

In DANTE there are doubtless some grand, sublime, and even terrific passages, which have seldom been equalled, and I may almost say never surpassed. Of the latter description I have always esteemed the following stanzas as *unique* in their kind. The abruptness in which they come upon us, the awe they inspire, and the dreadful sentence with which they finish, have a truly grand effect. Perhaps some of your ingenious correspondents will favor the public with a translation.

Yours, &c.

J. W.

Under the guidance of the spirit of Virgil, Dante penetrates the infernal regions: and the first object that the poet perceives, is a gate of brass, over which is inscribed, in characters of a dark hue, the following verses—

*PER me si va nella città dolente:
Per me si va nell'eterno dolore:
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore:
Fecemi la divina potestate,
La somma sapienza, e'l primo amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterne duro;
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che ntrate.*

Dell'Inferno, Canto Terzo.

CURIOUS BILL,

Lately delivered to the Representatives of the Radnor Family, for repairs performed by a Tradesman of Truro, in Cornwall, on a Monument of that Family in Truro Church.

TO putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, 2s. 6d.;—mending his other, 6d.;—putting seven new buttons to his coat, 8½d.;—a new string to his breeches-knee, 3d. Two new feet to Philippa, his wife, 6s. 6d.;—mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay in her hand, 2s. 6d. Two new hands and a nose to the Captain, 5s. 9d. To two new hands and mending the nose of his wife, 4s.;—repairing her eyes, and putting a new cuff to her gown, 1s. 8d. To making and fixing two new wings on

Time's shoulders, 3s. 9d.;—making a new great toe, 1s.;—mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it, 1s. 6½d.—Total, 11. 10s. 8d.

[Lon. Month. Mir.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 9, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday night, about nine o'clock, an infant was found lying at the door of an house in Branch-street—a woman who was observed at a distance, excited some suspicion, and was apprehended and taken before Peter Browne, Esq. On her examination, she acknowledged herself the mother of the child, and that it was illegitimate—and alleged that her inability to provide for its support had induced her thus to abandon it. She is now secured, and no doubt will be brought to trial in due time.

Several similar instances have occurred lately, which give reason to fear, that this horrid and unnatural crime, of exposing and abandoning helpless infants, is on the increase amongst us; whence peculiar vigilance becomes daily more and more necessary, both to secure the innocents from perishing, and to bring to condign punishment the guilty authors of their existence—the monsters who disgrace humanity, and whose crimes will greatly increase the public burdens. [Poulson.

BY an extract of a letter from PARIS, dated Feb. 12, it appears that a dreadful mortality has prevailed in that city. "Within the last ten days, (says the writer) I have been assured from an official quarter, that the number of interments has amounted to 400 per diem, on the average, or 4,000 in the whole of that term!" The French, with their usual "gaiety, or rather insensibility," have given the disorder the name of "La Grippe;" and under this title it has been made "the sad burden of a merry song!"

A Law-suit was lately determined in Upper Saxony, which lasted so long, that 4 judges, 16 barristers, and 9 attorneys, who were engaged in it, died during the process. How happy would it be for the peace of society, if a few of our law-suits, every year, were attended with some of those lucky circumstances!

INVENTIONS & IMPROVEMENTS.

THE Optical Instrument Maker, of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, Mr. Gabriel Collin, has invented an instrument, by means of which, substances may be discovered and sought at the bottom of the sea.

The King of Sweden ordered some experiments to be tried with this instrument, on board the frigate of Swedish sea Cadets, which were attested by the captain. From them it results, that by means of the instrument, bright objects may be seen at the depth of 53 feet; in the Baltic, obscure objects could be seen at 27, and clear ones 37 feet depth.

There is a contrivance in this instrument, by which

the observer can look as deep into the water in misty or foul as in clear weather. The wind never hinders the use of this instrument, which only requires one person for use. His Swedish majesty has rewarded the artist with a *douceur* of about 100l. sterling; and the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm is to make a report of it.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. John M'Claskey, Mr. Thomas Hirst, to Miss Eliza Lucas, both of this city.

—, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Philip Milledoler, Mr. James Queen, to Miss Eliza Eagle, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 2d inst. Mr. William Hartung, clerk in the Sheriff's Office, which situation he held many years, with ability and credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of his employers, as well as the gentlemen of the bar.

—, on the 5th, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Rebecca Groff, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Groff, printer and book-seller of this city.

—, at Gloucester, Cape Ann, widow Mary Smith, aged 55.—If her only son, Thomas Smith, who has been absent some years, is living, he may expect to find something to his advantage on his return home.

—, on the 25th of August, on board his pinnace, at his station, (Berhampore,) the celebrated George Thomas, whose military exploits have of late years been a terror to the native powers in the west of India. He was on his way to Calcutta, and died of a bilious fever, of only three days duration. He stood upwards of six feet high, was well made, and about 42 years of age. He was a native of Ireland, and had been in India about 26 years; he died worth a vast sum of money, having left his lady about 6000l. per annum.

DROWNED, at Provincetown, Mr. Joshua Dyer, aged 26, in the violent squall of the 21st ult. son of Mr. H. Dyer, of Truro. These unhappy parents have had 4 sons, two sons-in-law, and one grand child drowned within 4 years! [Boston Pal.

The following Biographical note respecting Mr. Bulkeley, (whose death was announced in the Repository, p. 95) appeared in a late No. of the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Mr. Bulkeley, at an early age, was landed at Lisbon, a poor boy, sick from an English ship, and after being sometime in the hospital, was discharged, and went to seek employment; he engaged in a retail store, with Mr. Thomas Parr, whose daughter he afterwards married, and being an active prudent young man, Mr. Parr took him into co-partnership. From a retail store, Messrs. Parr & Bulkeley established a house in the commission line of business, and have for many years had a large share of American consignments, and by industry and parsimony, Mr. Bulkeley had acquired the immense property of which he died possessed. B. H.

N. B. The 230,000 dollars to each of the 6 children, was only a dividend of specie on hand—besides a large property in houses, lands, stock of goods, wines, &c.

The writer further observes, that Mr. Bulkeley's name was John, not Thomas, as had been erroneously stated; and that he died worth more than a million and half of dollars.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Lines were written at the request of a Lady, who wished the Author to write a piece of poetry for her, leaving the choice of the subject to himself. If you think them worth a place in your paper, they are at your service.

C.

HARD is the fate of him who's doom'd to prove
The thrilling pangs of disappointed love;
From the fond object of his soul to part,
The tender'st, dearest to his aching heart.
What doubts, what fears his anxious mind annoy!
O'ercloud his soul, and sadden all his joy.
While loath to part, he ling'ring looks behind,
And tells his sorrows to the senseless wind;
To the deaf rocks and woods he makes his moan,—
Her dear idea fills his mind alone....
....Harder's the fate of the confiding maid,
Who by unfeeling, faithless man's betray'd,
A load of grief and sorrow doom'd to bear;
Despis'd, neglected, driven to despair.
Vain are her tears, of no avail her sighs,
Weary of life, she sinks with woe....and dies!

CARLOS.

MARCH 30, 1803.

IMITATION OF DORSET.

TO MISS M*****E.

SAY, Chloe! why that wanton leer?
Why rove thine eyes abroad?
Dost thou behold some *monkey* near,
Whose heart thy smerking smiles will cheer,
And feet obey thy nod?

Why wilt thou, Girl, thy face daub o'er
With *rouge*? (infernal paint!)
Can ruddy cheeks inflame the more?
Or can they, tho' so often worn,
Prove thee a *modest* saint?

So have I seen, by moon light clear,
Of potter's ware glaz'd smooth,
A little bit which sparkled fair,
And seem'd a polish'd diamond rare:
But seize it—clay 'twill prove.

TOM TICKLE.

SELECTED.

A NEIGHBOURLY RESOLUTION.

BY ROBERT BLOONFIELD.

WITH scythe, fresh sharpen'd, by his side,
To bring the ripen'd barley down,
One morning, when the dew was drier,
Thus musing with himself, John Brown

Stood, where, of late,
His little gate
Was cover'd by an elm's broad shade:—
"Ah! there thou ly'st, wide sheltering tree!
Beneath whose boughs, in youthful glee,
My first love-vow was made!"

Thou hast surviv'd my wife, 'tis true,
Thy leaves have sigh'd to me alone;
Have sigh'd in autumn's yellow hue—
I've felt thy lessons, ev'ry one.
Of thee, bereft,
There may be left,
(Tho' 'twas no friend that cut thee down)
There may be left in store, I say,
Some joys—for Goody Gascoin may
Be kind to neighbour Brown.

I've liv'd alone; she's done the same,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold;
I trust we still might feel love's flame,
Tho' girls and boys may call us old:
O could we be
Embow'd by thee!
Vain wish! my poor old elm is down:—
May shadeless labour, and sour ale,
Far from this stream, and this sweet vale,
Plague him that robb'd John Brown.

But tho', 'midst clust'ring leaves, no more
The Robin gives his morning trill;
Winter may bring him to my door,
And Goody Gascoin, if she will,
I'll know her mind;
If so inclin'd,
'Tis death alone shall make us part:
And tho' his cot's sweet shade is down,
This charm she'll find in neighbour Brown,
Gay cheerfulness of heart."

MR. HOGAN,

Seeing there are such a diversity of opinions amongst your philosophical correspondents, concerning the Sun, the Moon, the Earth, &c. I take the liberty of sending you the opinion of a Cöbler on some of those points, from *Lord Gardenstone's Miscellanies*, which, if you think will tend to the edification of your learned correspondents, you are welcome to insert it in your useful Repository.

A. D.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

A CERTAIN Philosopher lives in this town,
Whose merit Melpomene means to disclose,
To whom every fact in all Nature is known,
But what lies immediately under his nose.

His tongue, when you meet him, like thunder is loud,
And Folly and Laziness keep him as poor;
I cannot think what makes the pedant so proud,
Or why that pale face is eternally sour.

The Cynic this morning was trying his wit,
And plaguing a Cöbler, a plain merry man;
The fellow who felt himself terribly bit,
Flung his awl on the floor and got up and began:—

What signifies learning without common sense;
Or why do we read what we cannot digest;
Your studies produce neither honour nor pence,
But that horrid cough which is rending your breast.

The end of all books is to better the heart,
Or with new ideas enlighten the head;
And the Sage had done wisely in driving a cart,
Whom nobody living laments when he's dead.

You prove to a second at what time of day,
Achilles and Hector began to engage;
You call them poltroons, yet have nothing to say
When your doxy finds proper to fly in a rage.

You teach us a sure way for winning of wealth,
And yet (who would think it) your elbows are out,
And while you are telling us how to keep health,
Each joint in your carcase is wrung with the gout.

* * * * *

When you look at the sky you can say to an ell,
In how wide a circle old Saturn should run;
But no duck or patridge as yet ever fell,
Nay, guess'd at your aim when you levell'd a gun.

* * * * *

You spend half your life-time in poring on books,—
What a mountain of wit must be cramm'd in that skull!

And yet if a man were to judge by your looks,
Perhaps he would think you confoundedly dull.

More happy by far is the clown at his plough,
Who never attempts what he cannot attain,
Than such a capricious haranguer as you,
With mad metaphysics tormenting your brain.

And what is the value of *Newton* or *Locke*?
Do they lessen the price of potatoes and corn?
When Poverty comes can they soften the shock?
Or teach us how hunger is patiently borne?

No *innate ideas* can mend a bad crop,
No squaring of circles can temper the sky;
Then all such wild vagaries promise to drop,
Or tell us in what doth their excellence lie.

'Tis very like folly to wear out our eyes,
In guessing the distance and bulk of the sun;
I fear that a cat would be fully as wise,
To inquire when and wherefore balloons were begun.

A small share of learning may serve us while here,
The farce of existence will soon have an end,
And without the fatigue of deep thinking 'tis clear;
That age and infirmity must make us bend.

* * * * *

The editor has expunged several verses: some of which were not immediately connected with the subject, and others he did not think proper to publish.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 30th payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.